

ERNEST TH' SECOND

I'D LIKE TO ADD A FEW WORDS, TO HIS OWN, about Longmont's FIRST,
and prol'y MOST ILLUSTRIOUS CITIZEN.
ERNIE first SET FOOT IN LONGMONT BEFORE THERE WAS A LONGMONT
IN 1858 - THO' BEIN' the TARDY TYPE, HE DIDN'T ACTUALLY SHOW UP
- UNTIL 1930 - 'BOUT THANKS GIVIN' time, --
THE LAST OF A BEVY OF CONSUMMATE MUSICIANS.

NOW, AFTER ABSORBING AN UNSURPASSABLE EDUCATION in STREET
FOOTBALL, CHICK-WATCHIN', AND JOCK-SCHLOCKIN', ERNIE WENT OFF
TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY IN THE DOLODRUMS OF WAR-TORN ALASKA,
THE CAVERNS OF AGRICULTURAL D.C, & in the FRITTERIN' PURSUIT
of BEERS, BABES & TENNIS BALLS.

SOMEHOW ! THIS DID NOT EARN ERN
even the *NOMINATION* for the Presidency,
thus, Ernest returneth to the unrecognizable footpaths of deer ol' Longmont.
Yet & Still the unchallenged Capital of REDNECK, Colorado.

Once he dispensed with Col. Chivington in *THESE* hyere Chambers,
thus avenging his Grandpa, Ern proceeded to write his 3 autobiographies,
SO LONG LONGMONT, the most humourous epistle ever wrote,
STUFF & NONESUCH rite hyere in mah hand,
& the "Soon-to-be Forthcoming" unnamed Obsession.

Ain't NOBODY ever done wrote no better book than hisn. Ol' Ern
could cut th' gizzard outta th' Cyclops wid nuttin' but *eclat* & horsefeathers.
He could learn even the most MENDACIOUS MINION of MEDIOCRITY
that pullin' th' Wool on Ya ain't cool - 'Specially if YOU TH' SHEEP
& MUTTON'S on th' menu.

'N' IF'N YOU LOOK REEEEEEL DEEP Ya'll prol'ly find
'bout Lebenteen levels of meanin' neath them parabolic parables.

